THE SILENT WORLD.

This realm is sacred to the silent past; Within its drowsy shades are treasures rare of dust and dreams; the years are long since

past, A stranger's footfall trod the creaking stair. This room no housewife's tidy hand disturbs

clings
A homesick smell of dry, forgotten herbs,
A musty odor as of moldering things.

Here stores of withered roots and leaves repose, For funcied virtues prized in days of yore; Gathered with thoughtful care, mayhap, by

Whose earthly ills are healed forevermore.

Here sby Arachene winds her endless thread And weaves her sliken tapestries unseen, Vailing the rough hewn rafters overhead, And looping gossamer festoons between. Along the low joists of the sloping roof

Moth-caten garments hang—a gloomy ro Like tall fantastic ghosts that stand aloof, Holding grim converse with the long ago.

ltere lie remembrances of childish joys, Old fairy stories couned and council again. A cradle and a heap of battered toys, Beloved by babes that are now bearded men.

Here in the summer at a broken pane.
The yellow wasps come in and buzz and build. mong the rafters; wind and snow and rait All enter as the seasons are fulfilled.

This mildewed cliest behind the chimney hold Old letters, stained and nibbled; faintly The faded phrases on the battered folds
Once kissed, perhaps, or tear wet—who may
know!

I turn a page, like one who plans a crime, And lo! Love's prophesies and sweet regrets; A tress of chestnut hair—a love-lorn rhyme— And fragrant dust that once was vollets.

I wonder if the small, sleek mouse that shaped His winter's nest between these rugged beams, Was happier that his bed was lined and draped With the bright warp and woof of youthful

Here where the gray, incessant spiders spin, Shrouding from view the sunny world outside, A golden bumble bee has blundered in And lost the way to liberty and died.

So the lost present drops into the past; So the warm, living heart that loves the

light
Faints at the unresponsive darkness vast
That hides Time's buried mysteries from

Why rob these shadows of their sacred trust! Let the thick cobwebs hide the day once more; Leave the dead years to silence and to dust, and close again the long unopened door

THE GIPSY'S CURSE.

CHAPTER VI.

The Court was a magnificent pile of buildings standing about two miles from the river, on the opposite bank to the Weir Mill, in the midst of an extensive park, beautiful pleasure-grounds immediately surrounding the mansion.

The Sabines almost knew the place by heart; they had carte blanche to go to the Court when they chose, only the library, music-room, and one or two other apart ments being locked up. The building it-self, they told Ilma, would take a fortnight to explore, to say nothing of the picturegallery, state apartments, chapel, and works of art innumerable, collected during several hundred years.

The Sabines' carriage rolled under a deep arched gateway into a vast courtyard, and Ilma looked up with profound veneration at castellated walls that had frowned on crusaders and had been defended against Cromwell's soldiers. How could Sir Philip care so little to remain in such a grand old home as this, breathing traditions of glory and greatness? He heart swelled within her, her eyes filled with tears, and her breath came quickly. But the carriage stopped at the noble catrance, and Sir Philip came down to re

ceive his guests. He gave, as in duty bound, his best attention to Miss I arnford, but Ilma's rapt face was the only one he really cared to see. They passed through the great hall, where Ilma would have given the world to linger, and where it seemed proper to converse in subducd tones, to a noble apartment all furnished in oan and chony, with stained-glass windows and painted domed ceiling, and with stately pictures

by Velasquez and Vandyck on the walls. "Ilma is quite eyerawed," remarked Rose, laughing; and the girl winced and colored, but smiled when Sir Philip turned to her.

"Your organ of veneration is large," said; and just for a second a wild vision flashed through his mind which made his heart almost cease to beat, as he saw her standing there in her young beauty, with the warm light on her golden hair and a

deeper light in her wondrous eyes. Would she ever know why he was silent for a moment and shunned her cloudless, fearless gaze?

"I suppose," he said, after that pause, "that, though Ilma is the youngest here, she must be commander of the expedition, as she is the stranger. You all know the Court as well as perhaps better than—I do. Miss Durnford tells me she would prefer to remain here for a little, and then intends to steer for the conservatories, where Wilkins will be a superior guide to myself, for I am the worst of floriculturists. So, Ilma, where is it to be first for

Pina hesitated; and then she saidperhaps Sir Philip would not like to go to the picture-galleries, which she would visit when he was away again.

Would you like to see the picture-galleries?" asked Durrell, divining what was in her mind. "Yes? This way

As they paused before an old Sevres vase in a a corridor, he said-

"It was very kind of you to think of me; but I have no objection at all to the pic-ture-galleries. Perhaps we had better commence with the one containing the family portraits," he added, as Roland and Rose approached, Janie having gone off somewhere else.
It took some time to reach the galleries.

there being so many things to admire and hear about on the way. But for lima's company, Roland would far rather have been in the stables. He had not much taste for curious carvings, statues, and things of a kindred nature. He could not have told the difference between the Re-naissance and any other period, any more than he could have assigned a painting to any given school. Sir Philip however had it all at his finger's-ends, and Ilma scemed in her glory; but in her heart she felt more and more, as she went on, that this grand place was not a home. A shadow seemed to hang over it. Sir Philip was proud of the Court; he loved it passion-ately in a way, but not a word passed his lips such as would have been natural for its master, in the flower of his manhood, indicating that he regarded it as an abid-ing-place. Nor had it an air of home. Everything was redolent of the past. Il-ma felt as if she were back in the middle ages. A laugh sounded odd and harsh, commonplace speech seemed out of char-acter. If Sir Philip had called her "fair and "thee'd" and "thou'd," she would hardly have been surprised. He in-deed was suitably framed; but Roland and Rose looked painfully out of place amid such surroundings. Yet Ilma wished she could see one room that looked as if it had been lived in within the last hundred years, as if children had ever played there or young girls dreamed there. What a grand, bright, happy home this might be,

but for the heavy curse that lay on it like a blick pall!

youngest guest, occupied the whole of what was called Sir Damian's wing, having been built by that lord in the four-

teenth century.
"I dare say," said Sir Philip, as he open-ed the doors of the portrait-gallery, "you will desire to take a mere general survey to-day, as you will have so many opportunities of seeing all that is to be seen; but don't let me hurry you. I only want you to take your own time and pleasure-

Ilma thanked him, and they passed in among crusading knights and ladies in coifs and farthingales. Even the stiff, imperfect limning of the earlier periods could not hide the marked characteristics of the race, dark, haughty Italian-looking faces, all more or less handsome, some re-markably so; though none, Ilma thought, had such beauty as Sir Philip. In the last representative of the house all its tiful face of his wife. graces seemed to have reached their high

est point. "How is it," asked Ilma, "that the Dar. rells have such an Italian type of face? It is strongest in you, Sir Philip; but none of these faces are English."

"The tradition, you know, is," in repli-ed, "that the first Darrell was an Italian noble, who fled his country for some political reason, or for some crime, reat or charged to him; and I think it must have been so. Several times in later ages we have intermarried with Italians, nother of Sir Ingelhard of the Curse was an Italian, and so was my great-grandmo ther. They say I am more like Sir Ingelhard than any of the others."

"Are you?" said Ilms, with a sharp pang at her heart. Was there any fate in this resemblance between the man who had brought the doom on this noble house and the one who was to be its last vic-

"You will sec." replied Sir Philip, as the girl stopped silently before a stately dame of the reign of Henry VI.; and, glancing around he saw that Rose and Roland had loltered behind, and he heard a laugh from Rose which echoed through the

"Ilma started and her brow contracted

with a look of pain.
"How sensitive you are!" said Sir Philip, smiling. "I suppose you think it sounds odd to laugh here. You have not done so once."

"I don't think I could," replied Iima; "it all seems so awesome." Her heart beat fast as they drew near.

er and nearer to Sir Ingelhard's portrait, Presently they came to a stately knight in robes of the early Elizabethan period; by his side was a beautiful woman with "a face from Venitia." "Renfric Darrell and his wife, Ginevra

della Scala," said Sir Philip quietly. "Ingelhard was their son. They were the last who were happy in love. Sir Renfric met Ginevra at the Doge's court, and they lived together for thirty years. Both died-well for them !-before Ingelhard's crime."

"Were there other children besides Ingelhard?" asked Ilms. "No; Ingelhard was an only child.-There is his picture."

He fell back a step or two, folding his arms, but standing so that he could see Ilma's face, upon which, as upon his own, fell the mellow light of a painted win-

The girl drew a long breath, and involuntarily locked her little hands together as she looked upon the dark handsome countenance of Sir Ingelhard of the Curse, the recreant knight who had shown the churl's ingratitude, who had brought shame to the hearth that should have been sacred to him.

The figure was half-length, leaning on a

sword, and the head uncovered. countenance, like Sir Phillip's, was strikingly intellectual and of commanding beauty; but the eyes were sinister, their depth was all of the mind. There was an utter lack of the tenderness that gave a beauty all their own to Philip Darrell's eyes; the mouth too was cruel. One could believe Philip Darrel ruthless for the state, relentless in vengeance, like a ruler of medigyal Italy, but never cruel, never one to trample on all rights to gain his end. His iron will was tempered by noble qualities, which might be sometimes obscured, but never obliterated. Those qualities had no resemblance between the two faces; but the advantage of mere physical beau-ty, still more that of power, depth, and soul, rested with the famous knight's de-

seendant. Long did Ilma stand gazing on that countenance, as if she would imprint evthree times she glanced at Sir Philip, as if comparing the two. Finally, she turned way with a slight shudder shaking her

"Well," said Sir Philip in a slightly mocking tone, "what is your verdict? He was a brave man, this ancestor of mine; be did great deeds of derring do in the Spanish wars; he was a favored squire of dames -yet you shudder!"

"He was a black-hearted villain," replied Ilma, "and he has an evil face! I could never have loved him."

"You are keen; there is no heart in Ingeihard's face—and you can see that. But Zarsh was an ignorant gipsy-girl. Ay," continued Sir Philip, grinding his heel on the floor, as though he was crushing some obnexious object, "so black a deed deserved a curse! Why, Heston flung his life away for Ingelhard's-less worth a thousand times, though he was Darrell and belted knight. It was indeed

Deadly olight on noblest race." And have not his children, and his children's children, to the fourth and fifth generation, suffered for it? But there," he added hurriedly, for he saw how his words affected his listener-wall this is folly to you, and I am a mere slave of superstition. Do you see the likeness they all

"Yes," answered the girl, trying to hide the pain one part of her host's speech had given her, "there is a strong like-ness"

"So there should be," said Sir Philip gelhard's descendants. You do not be-lieve in the curse? Yet, whenever one of loved, wee and death followed: and we Darrells, unhapping, cannot love lightly. This is Ingelhard's son. He married a Stanly; but he had loved Anne St. Maur, and she was murdered but two days before what should have been her wedding-day Marjorie's tower, and died mad; and her

lover was lost at sea. Shall I go on?" "Yes," answered lima, in a loss tone; she was trembling, and her large eyes were full of suffering.

Sir Philip Darrell seemed not to notice this. He went on to tell her many a sor-rowful tale of the noble-looking men and women they passed in review—of brave Sir Launcelot, whose young wife was im-prisoned by Cromwell, and who died on the very day she was restored to her hus-band; of graceful Magdalen, who fled with a lover well-born, but not of lineage pure enough for the haughty Darrells, and wh perished with her lover while trying to cross the Coalmere in a small boat; of fleree Everard Darrell, who had won his love at the sword's point, only to see her perish before his eyes, struck down by a stray bullet as he was bearing her away.— A few he passed over, and lima wondered why, till they came to a gallant-looking gentleman in the dress of George H.'s reign, when Ilma touched her companion's

"Did he never love any one:" "Ay," answered Sir Philip, after a me

The picture-galleries, Sir Philip told his own halls. He fled with the wife of a Westmoreland Squire; her husband pur-sued them, and shot Morton Darrell in the great hall you passed through when you arrived."

So, when he passed by others, Hima ask-ed no questions—she could read of them, he said once, in a book he would lead her, which gave all the family history—but, for good or for evil, it seemed that this dark passionate race must needs love, though they knew the curse that went with it, and others knowing it, yet were not proof against the power to win which Nature had so lavishly bestowed on a gifted house. Would Sir Philip Darrell escape? she wondered. Had he vowed to be free at least from the anguish, though his race should perish with him?

And now they stood before the grave andsome face of Sir Bertram and the beau-

"I know who these are," said Ilma quickly, to spare Sir Philip speaking of them; and she gazed on them in deep reverence-not only because they were do ed for their very love's sake, and died young by a terrible death, but because Philip Darrell was their son; but Hma did not then realise this element in her vener

"I have no memory of them," observed Sir Philip. "They were lost when I was only two years old." He said this indifferently, not with any

elaboration of carelessness, but as though he really felt no concern in the matter,lima however knew that he was not really callons; she knew that he would have giv en worlds to remember his beautiful mother. She dared not look at him, for her eyes were blinded by tears; but Sir Pail ip read her silence, and he set his teeth hard as he turned away.

(To be continued.)

GOLDFISH IN THE OHIO. The Unique Industry of a Cincinnati

Naturalist.

"Do you happen to know that the flood has resulted in stocking the Ohio river with goldfish?"

"Well, it has, to a limited extent. The backwater from Mill Creck flooded Hugo Mulertt's goldfish nursery out back of Spring Grove and carried away some thousands of young fish of all kinds-Japanese fringe-tails, hognoses, telescopes, tumblers, piebalds, double-tails, mottled beauties and a hundred other rare kinds that you and I have never heard of. The same thing happened last year, and, if it is kept up, in the course of time the people along the lower line of the river will have a chance to taste a finer fish than the channel cat.'

"But goldfish are only fit for ornamental purposes. They were never meant for the frying-pan.

"That is where you are mistaken. One variety that was washed away in large numbers-known as the gold orfe -is as fine a food or game fish as any man need want, and, at the same time, is a bright vermillion from the tip of his nose to the end of his tail. He is as big as a full-grown trout and as knowing as a fox. But don't take my word for it. Go and see Mr. Mulertt about it. He is the only fish-farmer in this neighborhood, I think, and can tell you more interesting facts about gold-fish in an hour than you can print n a week.

"Yes, sir: I am a fish-tarmer, if you like to give me that name, although the usual designation for a man in my business is 'a piscienitarist,' " said Mr. Mulerit, "See here." He dipped a long-handled net into the clear water of a pond before him, and after a few quick motions, landed high and dripping on the grass, a plump, two-pound fish. Its color was a very dark grayblack-and the fringed with white, which covered it. were as large as one's thumb-nail.

"That fish is the German mirror earp. It is a fine food fish-hardy and a very rapid grower. The government wants to give every man in this country as many of those fish as he will care for, and it has always been a surprise to me that there are comparativeso few applicants for them. There is fully one pound of meat on that fish before us, and I can truthfully say that he has not cost me one cent for food since he was given to me. Unlike other animals, a fish in confinement will forage for himself all the year round, if pond is properly built and contains

a few aquatic plants.
"This is a fish," said the exhibitor, which is but little inferior to the tropt in gameness as well as on the table; and then notice his brilliant colors. He is called the gold orfe, and is pre-eminently the aristocratic game fish of the world. He is to be found in the pond of every German nobleman. and, I must say, is worthy of every honor. These fish swim in school near the top of the water, and in consequence, are partially litted for founains and ponds. They are perfectly hardy, may be left in the pends all winter, and in a couple of years, will sometimes reach the length of three

.What are they-"Hist! Keep perfectly still for one minute. Don't move, please"—and before the writer knew what was the matter, Mr. Mulertt had slipped up the hill to his house, and was returning with a twenty-two caliber Flobert rifle charged and cocked. He pointed the muzzle at the root of a tall clump of pampa grass on the edge of one of the ponds, there came the sharp crack from the exploding cartridge, and then small, brown water-suake threw himself out of the hole in which he had been hiding, and writhed on the grass

"Snakes are among our worst ene-mies," said the shooter, ejecting the shell from his rifle and coolly replacing it with a fresh cartridge. rarely a day passes that I do not shoot one or more of them. Turtles and muskrats are also great pests. With this rifle, I shot no less than tifty blue herons on the pond last year, some of them standing four and five feet high; and as for cranes, king-lishers, frogs, crawfish and newts, they make my life a burden. The snake is in the habit of lying hidden from view, with only his head exposed, and playing his tongue into the water. The young fish imagine the tongue to be a worm or something suitable for a dinner; they no sooner approach it, than the snake seizes them, and instead of eat-

ing they are eaten .- Cincinnati En-One of Mrs. Carlyle's letters, recently published, throws some new light on her personal habits. "I spend my life," her personal habits. "I spend my life," she writes, "chiefly in writing letters, smoking eigarettes, and loving the devil out of a Yorkshire kitten, as credible an account of one's self as my husband's, anyhow, who spends his life, he writes to me, 'chiefly in sleeping, and drinking new milk under new towns." Your billion, weather forms.' Very billious work that, I should say; but every one to his mind."

The rent roll of the Astor estate for

NOTICE.

The Following Statements are Published for the Benefit of the Public --- Read and Reflect.

"I have found Warner's Safe Cure 'all it was ever represented to be.' J. S. BACON. Shreveport, Lu.

"For nearly 25 years I have suffered

"with kidney and liver disease, never having found relief until I used Warn-'er's Safe Cure, which cured me. J. T. CAMPAGNAC.

Savannah, Ga.

"My son was entirely cured of nervous prostration and stricture of the urethra by means of Warner's Safe Cure."

A. A. WALKER. Eufala, Ala

"I am a miracle to all those who know what a terrible condition I have been in, and all through the power of Warner's Safe Cure. Mrs. M. C. LAVELL

Hempstead, Texas. "Warner's Safe Cure is an excellent

"medicine, and beyond all question has "greatly benefited my children, par ticularly my son. REV. W. W. PATRICK. Editor North Texas Churchman.

Fort Worth Texas.

Enterprise, Miss.

"Twenty years ago I was discharged from the army for consumption. I had a wretched cough, great pains in the lungs and several kemorrhages. "My physician gave me up and I began "using Warner's Safe Cure which, to my amazement has restored me to health. It seems almost a miracle. A. A. FOWLER.

"I have been a sufferer from Bright's 'disease. My limbs were swollen to an "enormous size, and dropsy set in. I "passed a great amount of urine, and my life was full of misery. I went to Hot Springs and engaged the best of medical skill but all failing I began the use of Warner's Safe Cure, and after the use of 12 bottles I am a well NICOLAUS MANGER. 'man.

County Treasurer. New Braunfels, Texas.

"I wish I had the capacity to do jus-tice to the value of Warner's Safe Care. Everybody who is affected with kidney or liver trouble or almost any disease flesh is heir to should use it. It surpasses anything ever introduced for ladies' troubles. I have taken over '70 bottles, and my wife and daughter bave been restored to health through its use.

W. W. MANNING. Por(smouth, Va.

"My health % now excellent, but in the sammer of 1882, when I was making a canvass for appellate clerk, my health and strength gave way. I had great lassitude with pain in the region of the kidneys, and it was almost impossible to rally after any effort. A this time my wife induced me to us Wayner's Safe Cure, and to my great delight and marked satisfaction, I was restered to health and have remained so to this day. All the difficulties I complained of have disappeared and I give the credit wholly to the Safe

RICHARD T. JACOB. Ex-Lieutenant-Governor

Westport, Ky. "For nearly a year I was troubled general breaking down of my system. I had a frequent desire to urinate, of ten as much as ten or twelve times in 'a single hour At that time my urine was dark in color, rolly and sudsy with a large precentage of albumen. I used 'various remedies prescribed by emirelief. My trouble being of a desperate character, with no relief from medical sources I concluded to try Warner's Safe Cure, and am to-day as well as have ever been in my life. I cordially commend it to all who suffer from kid-

'ney or bladder diseases." WM. S. CLINE, M. D. Tom's Brook, Va., Feb. 27th.

Sending a "Telegraff."

"I get tired," he continued; "I grow weary of listening to a careful account of all the circumstances that induce them to make the great step of sending a telegram, and of a large tion of their personal history. But the worst and hardest thing is to make them understand that we handle several messages every-day, and that theirs must take its turn with the rest. wires are crowded all the time, but the fellow who telegraphs something unimportant, to New York say, can't be made to comprehend that his dispatch can't be sent and delivered inside of a wink. That's the idea most of them have of the telegraph. They want to see it go. If our operating rooms were not sacred to all save employes, these once-in-four-year's customers would overrun them. The other day, a man stood right there where you are and talked to me half an hour by that clock, explaining why he had sent the only message he had ever sent in his life, and in every other sentence asking where the answer was. In vain 1 ex-postulated and explained, but he would not move till they shouldered him

"Then there's the ignorance of these cople, too. Yesterday a woman came n and sent a dispatch to her husband at Rock Island. In she came just nine times before 6 o'clock to see why he didn't answer. Finally we got word from the manager that the man could not be found at the address given. I tried to make her understand it, and how do you suppose she took it? Said she: 'I don't believe you sent the message at all. I watched the wires and never seen it go. You took my thirty cents and gave me nothing, and I'll send my brother-in-law down to mash your eye.' And I'm expecting him now every minute."

Girls' Book Knowledge.

Think of an undeveloped brain ting up book knowledge on ten differ-ent subjects in one day, and this going on day after day for several years! It is altogether contrary to the principles of sound psychology to imagine that any sort of mental process, worthy of the name of brain thinking, can take place in that brain while this is going on. The natural tendency of a good brain at that age to be inquisitive and receptive is glutted to more than satlety. The natural process of building up a fabric of mental completeness by hav-ing each new fact and observation looked at in different ways, and having it suggest other facts and ideas, and then settle down as a part of the regu-lar furniture of the mind, cannot possilar furniture of the mind, cannot po

bly go on where new facts are shoveled in by hundred day by day. The effect of this is bad on boys, but it is worse on girls, because it is more alien to their mental constitution. — Popular Selence Monthly

A Fortunate Canadian.

There is a pleasing little anecdote in onnection with the carnival, of Frenchman's getting "rich in a day," a fact almost unparalleled in the history of Province of Quebec Frenchmen. Baptiste Laporte lives in a story and a half, gray, slate plastered house near the Bonsecour market, where he kept a small retail for store. Here he has lived for the past fifty years, on the hill overlooking the old Bonsecour church, the oldest sacred edifice in Canada, being built 100 years ago. Baptiste was poor, for though his furs were always of the best quality and "the finest in the world," his establishment was comparatively unknown, and consequently ttle patronized.

Things went on pretty much the same for Baptiste for 25 years. He left with his dog, gan and snow shoes every fall and returned home in the spring to his Maria with his toboggan well packed with precious and valuable fors to be sold for the next season. He generally not manage to sell more than half ils stock out from year to year, but by an ingenious plan his wife managed to preserve these fore so that when the time came for Haptiste to sammen up all his enterprise and attract customers to his shop, they were in as refrect order as if he had just stretched them a his little pine twigs to care after shooting the animals in the bush. Bapste concluded to stay at home this winter to enjoy the carnival. He did not wish to take advantage of the opportunity to make money, like too many tradespeople, but merely to en-joy himself. However, a happy thought struck him and he advertised his furs n all the local papers.

It grew very cold a day or two after the opening of the carnival, and as an American gentleman said, "the mercury having got so high up in the glass uring the first part of the week that t almost took two thermometers spliced together to gauge it, was now to be found knocking the bottom out of the concern." This change persuaded the American visitors who had come here unprotected against the frost further a "plug" hat and a silk handkerchief to "go in for" furs, and Bap tiste's was soon found to be the cheso est place in the city. In two days his whole stock was sold with the excep-ion of half a dezen red fox skins and alf as many silver fox skins, the latter bringing him in the pelt \$150 for the lot. Baptiste was vesterday a poor French Canadian furrier. To-day be is, thanks to the carnival, worth \$50 .-000. He had several daughters who were always employed evenings in a ing up the fore he brought home. $-B_{\sigma\sigma}$

Your cough is growing worse. That oreness and pain in the throat and lungs is increasing. Better get rid of the abourd idea that any thing will cure a cough or cold, and give Dr. Wister's Balsam of Wild Cherry a trial before it be too late. It never fails to check cousumption, and quickly cures all coughs and colds,

Says a Southern journal: "Mrs Simmonds, while cutting her corn with sickle, in the field, the other day, badly cut her foot." A sickle is an un handy thing to pare corns with, anyway, but as there was probably no razor at hand, she took the first thing that she could find. When a woman starts to do a thing, she is bound to accomplish her with extreme wakefulness, a failure of strength, pain in the right side and a what she would have used an axe if she

According to the United States cen sus of 1880, the total number of improved acres of land under cultivation was 284,771,042. This embraced 4,008, 907 farms. The value of these farmsncluding fences and buildings-was \$10,197,096,776. The value of live stock was \$1,500,564,609. The estimated of all farm productions was \$2,213,402,564. The State of Illinois had 26,115,154 acres undercultivation in 1880; had 19,866,541 acres; Ohio, 18,081,091 acres; Missouri, 16,745,031 acres. Indiana, 13,933,728 acres; Pennsylvania, 13,423,007 acres, and Texas, 12,650,314 acres. Michigan had 8,296,, 862 acres under cultivation the same year. The next census will show many changes in

the above list. you are troubled with sores, ache pains and general weakness of the various bodily functions, don't be deceived by the advertisements of bitters, kidney medi cines, etc., whose certificates of pretended cures, are often paid for. Put your trust in that simple remedy called Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It will cure you by purifying the blood and strengthening the weak portions of your body. You will also find it very refreshing to the brain and nervous system. The proprietors receive hundreds of letters be stowing upon it the highest praise.

Ysleta, Texas, is believed to be th oldest town in the United States. It is situated on the Rio Grande, and near El Paso, the chief town in the county of that name, and has a population of 2,500 souls It is a well authenticated historical fact that in 1540 the town was a popular and prosperous, civilized Indian community, and it is thought to have been a considerable center of pop-ulation even centuries before this date. A correspondent remarks that it is not a little curious, considering the advance of civilization from Europe that the same race of people existed 350 years ago, and that they are engaged in the same agricultural and mechani-cal pursuits as their forefathers at that period and for previous.

The testimony of many who long sur fered from lil health, caused by an impure state of the blood, goes to prove that the best remedy for making the blood rich, red and pure, for beautiffing the complex-jon, for curing sores, pimples and other skin diseases, for removing aches, pains, stiff joints, rheumatism, etc., for increasing the power of endurance, for giving health and strength to every weak portion of the body, is Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. Its effect pleases the use in every instance. No other remedy

A Novel Excursion-An excentric Bingham, N. Y., man who is married but does not live with his wife, propose taking an excursion to Europe next spring and to defray all expenses on certain conditions. The party must consist of ten or more unmarried coup les, the females to do the "popping of the question" prior to the voyage. On board the steamer there is to be one or nore weddings each day until the trip s finished.

Signs in Canton, China "Cat's flesh, one basin, ten cents. Black cat's flesh, one small basin, five cents. Black dog's grease, one tael, four cents. Black cat eyes, one pair four cents."

Piso's Remedy for catarrh is a certain cure for

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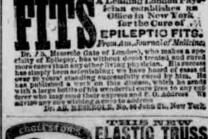


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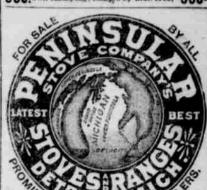




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